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SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL:

WITH OTHER

POEMS FROM THE GERMAN.

Johann Christian Friedrich Schiller
A "SCHILLER'S

SONG OF THE BELL

A NEW TRANSLATION

BY

W. H. FURNESS.

WITH

POEMS AND BALLADS

FROM

Goethe, Schiller, and Others,

BY

F. H. HEDGE.



PHILADELPHIA
HAZARD AND MITCHELL
178 CHESNUT STREET
1850

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W. L. Shoemaker

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MESSRS. HAZARD AND MITCHELL,

GENTLEMEN,

As you propose to publish *The Song of the Bell* in English, I beg leave to recommend that you enhance the value of the little volume by the addition of a few very "Gems of Translation," by Rev. F. H. Hedge, of Bangor (Maine). I know of no instances in which the sentiment and music of the original have been transferred to another language with so little loss.

Yours truly,

W. H. FURNESS.

FEBRUARY, 1850.



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THE SONG OF THE BELL.

PREFACE.



THE poetry of this poem has been made familiar to English readers rather by the *Outlines of Retzsch* and the music of *Römberg*, than by any translation that has yet been published. The attempt to translate this, or any genuine poem, from one language to another, is a very formidable one. In the present case, translators, despairing apparently of everything that might be pronounced success, seem to have satisfied themselves with a very remote approximation to the beauty of the original. They appear to have been thankful to get through with the work anyhow. Although not without their felicities, yet in no one of the four translations which we have seen—two published in this country and two in England—does the design seem to have been cherished of preserving in the English the varied music of the German. The double rhymes have been continually neglected. In the following translation, while the closest adherence has been attempted to the letter, the aim has been to convey some idea of the music of the original.

As the present translator, in presuming thus to pass judgment on his predecessors, betrays perhaps an undue appreciation of his own success, he wishes to remark, *ex gratiâ modestiæ*, that, as one of the greatest perils to a translator of poetry arises from the excitement, in the course of his labour, of his own poetical faculty, whereby he is constantly liable to mistake, amidst the thick-coming fancies which the original starts, his own vivid images for the thoughts of the poet, it follows that he, who has barely enough of the poetical sentiment to enable him to have some appreciation of the work he undertakes to translate, may, on this account, have a better chance of success than others of a higher poetical temperament.

It is observable that the latter part of the Song of the Bell was composed by the lurid light of the old French Revolution, from which so many of the first men of the time, Burke, for instance, like Schiller, “shrunk almost blinded by the glare.”

THE
SONG OF THE BELL.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.*

SEE the mould, of clay well heated,
In the earth wall'd firmly, stand.
Be the Bell to-day created!
Come, my comrades, be at hand!
 From the glowing brow,
 Sweat must freely flow,
So the work the master showeth;
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

* The meaning of this old motto for a bell is obvious enough, with the exception of the last clause—"I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightnings." "It is said," remarks Mrs. Jamieson, in her recent very beautiful work on Sacred and Legendary Art, quoting from Durandus, "that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when they hear the bells ringen; and this is the cause why the bells be ringen when it thundereth; to the end that the foul fiend and wicked spirits should be abashed and flee, and cease from moving of the tempest."

The work, we earnestly are doing,
Befitteth well an earnest word;
Then Toil goes on, more briskly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates;
To him no rev'rence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,
That in his inner heart he traceth,
What he produces with his hand.

Take the wood, from pine trunks riven,
Dry it must be through and through,
That the flame, straight inward driven,
Fiercely strike into the flue!

Boil the copper now!

Quick the tin add too,
That the thick bell-metal flowing,
Through the mould be rightly going.

What in the pit, by help of fire,
The hand of man is forming thus,
High in the belfry of the spire,
There will it tell aloud of us.
Still will it last while years are rolling,
And many hearts by it be stirred,

With all the mourner's woes condoling,
And with Devotion's choir accord.
Whate'er this changing life is bringing,
Here deep below, to Earth's frail son,
Strikes on this metal crown, which, ringing,
Will monitory sound it on.

Bubbles white I see are starting;
Good! the mass is fluid now.
Through it let the salts be darting,
Which promote its speedy flow.
Clean too from the scum
Must the mixture come,
That, composed of metal merely,
Full the Bell may sound, and clearly.

For with Joy's festive music ringing,
The child beloved it soon will greet
Upon his life's first walk, beginning
In the soft arms of Slumber sweet;*
For him rest yet in Time's dark bosom
Funereal wreath and joyous blossom;
A mother's tender cares adorning
With watchful love his golden morning—
The years—they fly like arrows fleet.

* The allusion here is to the custom of carrying the child to church, a few days after birth, to be christened. See Retzsch's Outlines, No. 6.

The maiden's plays the proud boy scorneth,
He rushes forth, the world to roam
With pilgrim's staff, at last returneth,
A stranger in his father's home.
And brilliant, in her youthful splendor,
Like creature, come from heaven's height,
With cheeks all mantling, modest, tender,
The maiden stands before his sight.
A nameless longing then is waking
In the youth's heart; he goes alone;
The tears from out his eyes are breaking;
Joy in his brothers' sports is flown.
He blushes as her steps he traces,
Her greeting smile his heart elates,
For fairest flowers the fields he searches,
Wherewith his love he decorates.
O tender longing, hope the sweetest,
The golden time of young first love,
The eye beholdeth heaven unveiling,
Riots the heart in bliss above!
O that, for ever fair and vernal,
Love's beauteous season were eternal!

See how brown the pipes are getting!
This little rod I dip it in,
If it show a glazed coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now, my lads, enough!
Prove me now the stuff,
The brittle with the tough combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the Strong and Mild are pairing,
The Manly with the Tender sharing,
Then is the concord good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
If heart with heart be in communion!
For Fancy's brief, Repentance long.
Lovely in her ringlets straying
Is the wreath that crowns the bride,
When the merry church-bells playing
Call to pleasure far and wide.
Ah! the hour of life most festal
Ends the May of Life also,
With the veil and girdle vestal
Breaks the lovely charm in two.
The passion it flies,
Love must be enduring,
The flower it dies,
Fruit is maturing.
The man must be out
In hostile life toiling,
Be toiling and moiling,
And planting, obtaining,
Devising and gaining,

And daring, enduring,
So fortune securing;
Then streameth in wealth, all untold in its measure,
And filled is the garner with costliest treasure;
The chambers increase, the house it spreads out.
And in it presides
The chaste gentle housewife,
The mother of children,
And ruleth wisely
The circle domestic,
And teacheth the maidens,
The boys she restraineth,
And keeps ever moving
Hands busy and loving,
And adds to the gains
With ordering pains,
And sweet-scented presses with treasure is filling,
And thread round the swift humming spindle is
 reeling,
And the neat burnished chests—she gathers them
 full
Of linen snow-white, and of glistening wool,
And adds to the useful the beautiful ever
And resteth never.

And the father with look elate
From the high, far-seeing gable

Surveys his blooming, broad estate,
Seeth his buildings forest-like growing,*
And the barns with their lofts o'erflowing,
And the granaries, bent with the blessing,
And the corn as it waves unceasing;
Boasts he with pride-lit face:
Firm as the Earth's own base
'Gainst all misfortune's might
Stand now my riches bright!
Yet with thy great laws, O heaven,
Can no endless bond be woven,
And Misfortune strideth fast.

Be the casting now beginning;
Finely jaggéd is the grain.
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain.
Let the metal go!—
God protect us now!

* This line is obscure in the original. Literally: "Seeth the projecting beams (or trees) of the pillars." Perhaps the line is elucidated by reference to the method of constructing the outhouses on German farms. It is said that the framework is left visible, and the pillars or supporters, the spaces between which are filled in with bricks or stone, bear a resemblance to trees. See Retzsch's Outlines, No. 26. Whatever may be the precise meaning of the line, Schiller probably intended to describe the farmer as taking satisfaction in the number and substantial character of his outhouses.

Through the bending handle hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Benignant is the might of Flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame.
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this heaven's force he takes.
But fearful is this heaven's force,
When all unfetter'd in its course,
It steps forth on its own fierce way,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
Wo! when once emancipated,
With nought her power to withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
Waves she high her monstrous brand!
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand.
From the heavens
Blessings pour,
Streams the shower;
From the heavens, all the same,
Lightnings gleam.
Dost hear it from the tower moan?
'Tis th' alarm!
Blood-red now
Heaven is flushing;
That is not the daylight's glow!
What a rushing,

Streets all up!
Smoke rolls up!
Flick'ring mounts the fire-column,
Through the long streets onward growing,
Going swift as winds are going;
As from out a furnace rushing,
Glow the air, and beams are crashing,
Pillars tumble, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
'Mid the ruin
Beasts are lowing;
All is fleeing, saving, running,
Light as day the night's becoming;
Through the chain of hands, all vying,
Swiftly flying,
Goes the bucket; bow-like bending,
Spouts the water, high ascending.
Howling comes the blast, befriending
The flame it roaring seeks and fans.
Crackling 'midst the well-dried grains,
Seizing on the gran'ry chambers,
And the dry wood of the timbers,
And, as if it would, in blowing,
Tear the huge bulk of the world
With it, in its flight uphurl'd,
Mounts the flame to heaven, growing
Giant tall!
Hopeless all,

Man to God at last hath yielded,
Idly sees what he hath builded,
Wond'ring, to destruction going.

All burnt out
Are the places,
Where the tempest wild reposes.
In the hollow windows dreary,
Horror's sitting,
And the clouds of heaven, flitting
High, look in.

Ere he goes,
On the ashes,
Where his riches
Buried lie, one look man throws —
His pilgrim's staff then gladly clutches.
Whate'er the fire from him has torn,
One comfort sweet is ever nearest,
The heads he counteth of his dearest,
And lo! not one dear head is gone.

Earth our work is now entombing,
And the mould is filled right well;
Will it, fair to light forthcoming,
Recompense our pains and skill?

If the casting crack?

If the mould should break?

Ah! perhaps, while we have waited,
Mischief hath its work completed.

To holy Earth's dark, silent bosom
We our handiwork resign,
The husbandmen the seed consign,
And hope that it will swell and blossom
And bless the sower, by laws divine.
Still costlier seed, in sorrow bringing,
We hide within the lap of earth,
And hope that, from the coffin springing,
'Twill bloom in brighter beauty forth.

From the tower,
Heavy, slow,
Tolls the fun'ral
Note of wo.
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wand'rer, on the last way wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one,
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is bearing
From the husband's arms endearing,
From the group of children far,

Whom she, blooming, to him bare.
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest;—
Ah! the household ties so tender
Broken are for evermore,
For the shadow-land now holds her,
Who the household ruled o'er!
For her faithful guidance ceases,
No more keepeth watch her care,
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there.

Till the bell is cool and hardened,
Let there rest from labor be.
And be each as free, unburdened,
As the bird upon the tree.

Once the stars appear,
From all duty clear,
Hear the lads the vespers ringing;
To the master care's still clinging.

Quicken'd pulse his footsteps telling
In the wild and distant greenwood,
Seeks the wand'rer his dear dwelling.
Bleating wind the sheep slow homeward,
And the kine too,
Broad-browed, with their smooth flanks, trooping,

Come in lowing,
To the stalls accustomed going.
Heavy in
Rocks the wagon,
Harvest laden.
Bright with flowers,
The crown towers,
On the sheaves,
And a band of youthful reapers
Dances weaves.
Street and market-place grow stiller;
Round the light, domestic, social,
Gather now the household inmates,
And the city gate shuts creaking.
Black bedighted
Is the Earth now;
Rest the people, unaffrighted
By the dark,
Which alarms the bad benighted;
For the eye of Law doth watch and mark.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Born of Heaven, in peace unceasing
Dwell all ranks when by her shielded.
Mighty cities she hath builded,
Calling the unsocial savage
There to dwell—no more to ravage;
To the huts of men she goeth,

And to gentle ways allureth,
And dearest ties hath wov'n round us,
Ties, that to our country bind us.

Busy hands, by thousands stirring,
In a lively league unite,
And it is in fiery motion
That all forces come to light.
Briskly work, by Freedom guarded,
Both the master and the men,
Each one in his place rewarded,
Scorning every scoffer then.
Toil—it is our decoration,
Work, the blessing doth command,
Kings are honored by their station,
Honors *us* the toil-worn hand.

Peace, thou gentle
Sweetest grace,
Hover, hover,
Ever friendly round this place!
Never may that day be dawning
When the horrid sounds of battle
Through this silent vale shall rattle;
When the heavens,
Which, with evening blushing mildly,
Softly beam,

Shall with flames consuming wildly
Town and cities, fearful gleam!

Break me up the useless structure,
It has now fulfill'd its part,
That the work, without a fracture,
Joy may give to eye and heart.
 Swing the hammer, swing,
 Till the top shall spring!
When to light the bell arises,
First the mould we break in pieces.

The master wise alone is knowing
Just when the mould should broken be,
But wo! if streams of fire flowing,
The glowing ore itself sets free!
Blind raging, with the crash of thunder,
It shivers the exploded house,
As if hell's jaws had yawned asunder,
Destruction far and wide it throws.
When brutal force is senseless storming,
There can no perfect work be forming;
When nations seek themselves to free,
There can no common welfare be.

Wo! if heaped up, the fire-tinder
Should the still heart of cities fill,

Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work then their own will!
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth Riot,
The bell gives forth a wailing sound,
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.

“Equality and Freedom” howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men;
Then women to hyenas changing,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And, with the thirst of panthers ranging,
The blood of hearts yet quiv’ring quaff.
Nought sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious Awe,
The good man’s place, the bad are taking,
And Vice acknowledges no law.
’Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger’s path,
But the most terrible of terrors,
Is man himself in his wild wrath.
Alas! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of Light is lent!
It guides him not, it can but kindle
Whole states in flames and ruin blent.

Joy to me now God hath given!
See ye! like a golden star,
From the shell, all bright and even,
Comes the metal-kernel clear.

Bright from top to rim,
Like the sun's own beam.
E'en the 'scutcheon, formed completely,
Shows its maker worketh neatly.

Come all! come all!
My comrades, stand around and listen,
While solemnly our work we christen!
Concordia we the Bell will call.
To harmony, by heartfelt love united,
May all be ever by its voice invited.

And this its office be henceforth,
Whereto the master gave it birth:
High, this low earthly being over,
Shall it, in heaven's blue, spacious tent,
The neighbor of the thunder, hover,
And border on the firmament.
And let it be a voice from Heaven,
Joined with the starry host afar,
By which high praise to God is given,
And which lead on the crownéd year.
And be its metal mouth devoted

Only to grave and solemn things,
And hourly, Time, still onward flying,
Shall touch it with his rapid wings.
To Destiny a tongue affording,
Heartless itself, befall what may,
It feels for none, yet shall its swinging
Accompany Life's changeful play.
And as away its music fadeth,
That strikes so grandly on the ear,
So may it teach that nought abideth,
That all things earthly disappear.

With the strength the rope is lending,
From the pit, the Bell now draw,
To the realms of Sound ascending,
Let it in the ether soar!

Ply the tackle, ply!—

Now it mounts on high!

Joy to us may it betoken,
Peace, the first sound by it spoken.

THE ERL KING.

FROM GOETHE.

Who rideth so late through the night-wind wild?
It is the father with his child;
He has the little one well in his arm;
He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

My son, why hidest thy face so shy?—
Seest thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh?
The Erl-king, with train and crown?—
It is a wreath of mist, my son.

“Come, lovely boy, come, go with me;
Such merry plays I will play with thee;
Many a bright flower grows on the strand,
And my mother has many a gay garment at hand.”

My father, my father, dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king whispers in my ear?—
Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child;
Through withered leaves the wind howls wild.

“Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters fair shall wait on thee;
My daughters their nightly revels keep;
They’ll sing, and they’ll dance, and they’ll rock thee
to sleep.”

My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl-king’s daughters in yon dim spot? —
My son, my son, I see and I know
’Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so.

I love thee; thy beauty has ravished my sense;
And, willing or not, I will carry thee hence.”
O father, the Erl-king now puts forth his arm!
O father, the Erl-king has done me harm!

The father shudders; he hurries on;
And faster he holds his moaning son;
He reaches his home with fear and dread,
And, lo! in his arms the child was dead.

THE SINGER.

FROM GOETHE.

WHAT strains are these before the gate?

Upon the bridge what chorus?

Go, bring the minstrel hither straight,

And let him play before us!

The king commands, the page retires,

The page returns, the king requires

The aged man to enter.

God greet ye! Lords and Ladies gay!

What wealth of starry lustre!

Star upon star in rich array,—

Who names each shining cluster?

Amid such wealth and pomp sublime

Shut, shut, mine eyes! this is no time

To gaze in stupid wonder.

He closed his eyes, he struck a chord,

A brave old ditty played he,

Looked boldly on each noble lord,

And in her lap each lady.

The king, delighted with the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Reward the honoured singer.

The golden chain give not to me ;
Bestow it on thy Ritter,
Who bears the palm of chivalry
Where hostile lances glitter.
Bestow it on thy Chancellor,
And be one golden burden more,
To other burdens added.

My song is like the woodbird's note,
An unbought, careless burden ;
The lay that gushes from the throat
Is all-sufficient guerdon.
But might I choose, this choice were mine —
A beaker of the richest wine —
A golden beaker bring me !

The beaker brought, the minstrel quaffed :
O ! balmy cup of blessing,
And blessed the house, in such a draught,
A common boon possessing !
When fortune smiles, then think of me,
And thank ye God as heartily
As I for this now thank ye.

SPIRIT-GREETING.

FROM GOETHE.

[This little poem embodies one of the noblest conceptions in all literature. It was written by Goethe in the hey-day of youth, while sailing down the Rhine in company with Lavater and Basedow. We may suppose the young poet passing under the brow of some old Drachenfels or Ehrenbreitstein, suddenly pierced with the contrast between the gray and motionless ruin above and the floating life beneath. He hears a voice from the solemn past—hoary eld and slow decay speaking to the “May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.”]

HE stands upon the turret high,
The hero's noble wraith,
And to the skiff that passeth by,
“Fair speed the voyage!” he saith.

Behold these sinews were so strong,
This heart so strong and wild,
Such pith did to these bones belong,
So high the board was piled.

One half my life I stormed away,
One half in rest I drew;
And thou, thou mortal of to-day,
Thy mortal path pursue!

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun in wonted wise is sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined current bounding,
With thunder step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thoughts sublime.
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly thought, surpassing fleetly
The earth-green pomp, is spinning round.
There Paradise alternates sweetly
With Night terrific and profound;
There foams the sea, with broad wave beating
Against the deep cliffs' rocky base;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In never-ending spherul chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of linkéd efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The gentle movement of thy day.

THE THREE.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime.
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

THE DREAM.

FROM L. UHLAND.

I dreamed not long ago
I stood on a rocky steep,—
On a cliff by the ocean's strand;—
And I looked far over the land,
And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,
A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark side laving,—
Gaily its flag was waving,
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold there came from the mountains
A merry merry band;
Bedecked with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light,
As they tripped along the strand.

“Say, pilot, wilt thou take us?”

“What nymphs be ye so gay?”

“Earth’s Joys and Pleasures are we,
From earth we fain would flee,

O! bear us from earth away!”

Then the pilot, he bade them enter;

And they entered one by one.

“But tell me, are here all?

Are none left in bower or hall?

And they answered, “There are none.”

Away! then; — the bark leaped forth,

Unmoored from the anchor’s thrall;

And away she sped with a glorious motion,

And I saw them vanish over the Ocean, —

Earth’s Joys and Pleasures all.

THE PILGRIM.

FROM SCHILLER.

LIFE's first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a Spirit seemed to say,
Wander forth; the path is broken;
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached;—there enter in;
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win.

Evening came, and morn succeeded;
On I sped, and never tired;
Cold, nor heat, nor storm I heeded;
Boundless hope my soul inspired.

Giant cliffs rose up before me;
Horrid wilds around me lay;
O'er the cliffs my spirit bore me;
Through the wilds I forced my way.

Came to where a mighty river
Eastward rolled its sullen tide;
Forth I launched with bold endeavour,—
“Pilgrim stream, be thou my guide!”

It hath brought me to the ocean:
Now, upon the wide, wide sea,
Where's the land of my devotion?
What I seek seems still to flee.

Woe is me! no path leads thither;
Earth's horizons still retreat;
Yonder never will come hither,
Sea and sky will never meet!

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM TH. KÖRNER.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine?

Hear it nearer and nearer sounding;

It moveth along in a lowering line,

And wailing horns their shrill music combine,

The hearer with terror astounding.

Ask you whence those black horsemen? what meaneth
their race?

That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What is it that flits through the forest shade,

From mountain to mountain stealing?

Now it lurks in a darkling ambuscade,

Now the wild hurrah and the cannonade

O'er the fallen Frank are pealing.

Ask you whence those black huntsmen, what game do
they trace?

That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Where yon vineyards bloom, where the Rhine waves
dash,

The tyrant had sought him a cover;
But sudden and swift, like the lightning's flash,
The avenger plunges, the billows plash,
And his strong arms have ferried him over.
Ask you why those black swimmers the Rhine embrace?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What conflict rages in yonder glen?

What meaneth the broadswords' clashing?
'Tis the conflict of lion-hearted men,
And the watch-fires of freedom are kindled again,
The heavens are red with their flashing.
Ask ye who those black warriors? what foe do they
face?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Who yonder are smiling farewell to the light,

Where the foe breathes his last execration?
Death's shadows have swathed their brows in night,
But their hearts are true and their souls are bright,
They have seen their country's salvation.
Ask ye who are those struggling in Death's embrace?
That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Ay, the wild chase and the German chase,

Let tyrants and hangmen shun it.

But mourn not for us who have run our race,

The country is free, and the day dawns apace,

What though with our lives we have won it?

And be it proclaimed from race to race,

That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

THE END.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OUTLINES.

I.

For, with Joy's festive music ringing
The child beloved it soon will greet,
Upon his Life's first walk, beginning
In the soft arms of Slumber sweet.

IN Germany the child is carried to the church a few days after birth to be baptized. And in this print the nurse is approaching the church, followed by the family, and welcomed by the bell. A group of little ones look on with mingled curiosity and awe. The priest waits at the church door. In her way to the church, the nurse is just passing a cross, half hidden under roses, indicating the pains and joys of life, while a star, the ornament of some churchyard monument, is seen in the distance, the emblem of light and hope.

II.

— his golden morning.

This print is only indirectly suggested by Schiller. There is nothing which it represents in the poem. It tells its own story. The little girl, the playfellow of the boy, has prepared a spot for the rose-bush, which the boy is bringing her. He is exulting apparently in the fact that it has got a root, and will grow. Does the artist represent in this fact the affection of the children for each other? The father and mother of the little girl turn to him with a benignant look of welcome. The father of the boy accompanies his little son, and seems, by his look and attitude, to be saying: "Nothing would do but that he must come."

III.

The maiden's plays the proud boy scorneth,
He rushes forth the world to roam.

The boy has caught the ambition of manhood, and cares no more for planting rose-bushes. He is eager to go forth and see

the world. He is bidding his playmate and her family a hasty farewell. She weeps. Her mother warns him to be careful. The two other figures look on thoughtfully and with interest.

IV.

— at last returneth
A stranger in his father's home.

The youth after an absence, during those years which work the greatest changes in the person, is standing once more, at evening, under the paternal roof. His parents do not recognise him, and he is filled with sadness as he marks the ravages of age.

V.

This is another plate suggested by the poem. It requires no explanation. At first sight, it seems as if the figures in the previous illustration had started into life and motion.

VI.

And brilliant, in her youthful splendor,
Like creature from some heavenly height,
With cheeks all mantling, modest, tender,
The maiden stands before his sight.

We enter the garden again. The maiden stands struck at the sight of the tall stranger. She has let fall the water-pot with which she was nurturing the cherished rose-bush, which shows by its growth that it has not been neglected, and that the memory of her playfellow has been kept green and full of flowers. She has one of the roses in her bosom. The father and mother of the youth are bringing their son to see her; the father, with a man's feeling, is looking to see what the maiden thinks of the manly youth; the mother, with a woman's feeling, looks at her son, to see what he thinks of the maiden.

VII.

O tender longing! hope the sweetest
The golden time of young first love,
The eye beholdeth heaven unveiling,
Revels the heart in bliss above.

The beauty of these illustrations must be lost upon any one who requires here any word of explanation.

VIII.

Lovely in her ringlets straying
Is the wreath that crowns the bride,
When the merry church-bells playing,
Call to Pleasure far and wide.

There is no one too young or too old to be insensible to the interest which a bride awakens. The bride in this print may be recognised by her downcast eye, modest and thoughtful; the bridegroom is the only one who is looking back from the procession of men, which is followed by the bride and her maids.

IX.

The chaste, gentle housewife,
* * * * *
She teacheth the maidens,
The boys she restraineth.

Years have passed, and we see here the mother, surrounded by her little ones, whilst the father is out, "in hostile life toiling."

X.

And the father, with look elate,
From the high, far-seeing gable,
Surveys his blooming, broad estate.

The successful householder is rejoicing in "his barns with their lofts overflowing." His wife, with a woman's prophetic tenderness, is seeking to moderate his confidence. The lightning in the distance foretells a change of fortune.

XI.

Dost thou hear it from the tower moan?
'T is th' alarm!
* * * * *
All is fleeing, saving, running!

The lightning has struck. The conflagration has broken out.

XII.

Whate'er the fire from him has torn,
One comfort sweet is ever nearest.
The heads he counteth of his dearest,
And lo! not one dear head is gone.

Although the faces of the mother and the children express the exhaustion under which they are suffering, after the fright and

fatigue of the fire, yet the whole family, forming a group of monumental beauty, and the bright, up-turned face of the father, contrast finely with the desolation and ruin around them, and render this one of the most expressive of this series of poems.

XIII.

To holy earth's dark, silent bosom

* * * * *

The husbandmen their seed consign,
And hope that it will swell and blossom,
And bless the sower by laws divine.
Still costlier seed, in sorrow bringing,
We hide within the lap of earth,
And hope that from the coffin springing,
'T will bloom in brighter beauty forth.

We miss much of the beauty of these illustrations if we fail to notice the accessories introduced to increase the point of their meaning—such as, in this print, the crescent moon and the falling leaves.

XIV.

Ah! it is the wife, the dear one,
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is bearing
From the husband's arms endearing,
From the infant group afar.

The rays of the setting sun glorify the cross which is borne before the bier, as it enters the church-yard. In the preceding print the church-yard is in the back-ground. Here it is reversed.

XV.

Peace, thou gentle,
Sweetest grace,
Hover, hover,
Ever friendly o'er this place.

A holy hermit is imploring the blessing and presence of Peace, and deprecating the horrid visions of War.

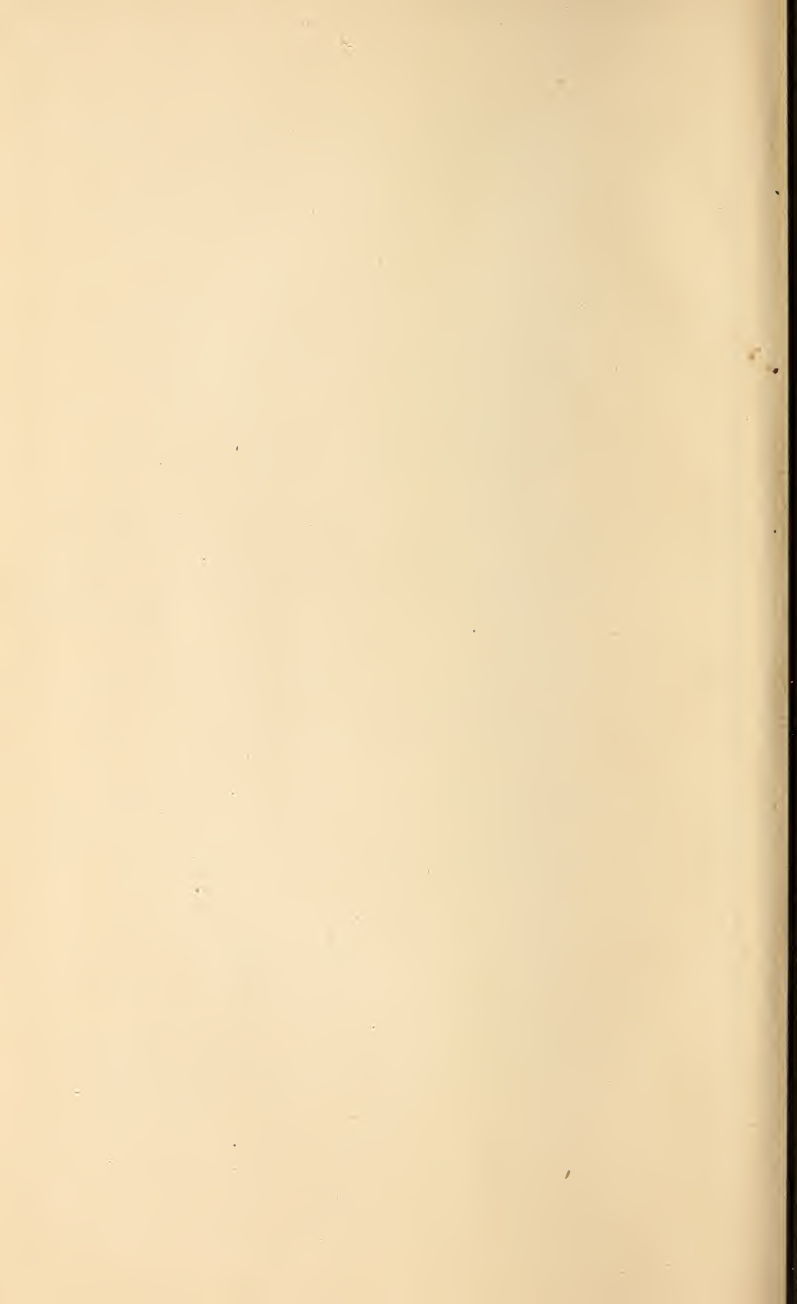
XVI.

CONCORDIA we the bell will call,

* * * * *

Now it mounts on high!







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